

Raree Show

Of the true Protestant Procession.

A new Ballad to the Tune of the Northumberland man.

1.
This is the Cabal of some Protestant Lords (had,
A forging the time that not long since they
Here W----- search and search for records
to find Flaws in good Statutes, & warmish the bad.

2.
This is the Lord Tony that slyly sits here
Who to sham and contrive has never deny'd (fear
And rather than the Good Cause shou'd fall through his
He'll let out Rebellion by broaching his side.

3.
This is Popular Perkin that smirks and looks gay
The women extols the Spink up to the sky,
None danceth with so great a grace, as they say,
Yet some body thinks that he capers too high.

4.
Here flourishing By---- the tongue o'th Gang
V With Rhetorical Artifice fancies fine things,
First vainly composeth a taking Harangue
then fosters a Villain in Libelling Kings.

5.
Here's Doctor Informant that ne'r wou'd stick out
To traffick in Oaths or tell a State-Lye,
Observe how he firks all the Jesuits about,
First blows on a Benk, and so Papists God b-y.

6.
Here's Wilmore that's troubl'd with scruples & stings
His Citizens conscience is nice and demure,
A Traytor's Indicted for treasorable things,
But he tells you tis false, he's a Protestant sure.

7.
These are some sage Cytizens that you see there,
V Who out of their Zeal all our rights to maintain
And to keep out all slavery, have taken a care
to put up in the streets two Posts and a Chain.

These are some Apprentices that still do retain
Some Tenets their Masters approve and allows;
They come to direct a wise Monarch to Reign
Instead of sweeping their shop and cleaning of shoes.

This is the Committee where grievance is scanned (State
Which Remonstrates the danger that threatens the
Good service is here by suspicion Trapan'd
And Allegiance is reckon'd Malignancy freight.

Here's the Synod of Saints that will sometimes refresh
The failings of nature with means of their own.
They'll preach you the mortification of flesh
With eyes up to Heaven and Breeches let down.

These are the Cabal of the Covenanters
That think they maintain the Religion the best
By pulling down Churches and their Overseers
And routing the Defender of Faith with the rest.

These are the Remains of the Levelling Rump
That stink in the House and fresh Commons annoy,
And least the right James shou'd be turn'd up for Trump
They cry out, a Court Card will their gaming destroy.

That Lumber of Trumpery buzzing about
Are silly Subscribers that come at first call,
To make up a large Petitioning rout
Of Link-boys and all such true Protestant trash.

These there are the Hucksters that Tyeason retail,
They'll sell you a sheet with a pennyworth in't;
That's Courtier's Care that never will fail
to scribble, whilst Langly dares Publish and Print.

That's the Club of a Pack of ingenious friends
that made Charles a Scotch Pedlar in the Rare show,
And I hope that our Monarch to make them amends
will give them a Tard of St. Johnstons or two,

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